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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Snobism in Music—How It Manifests Itself in the Tiers, the Corridors, the Foyer, the Parquet, the Press-Room, the Vestibule and the Gallery—Operas that Need Libretto, Score, Commentary History and Pedagogue to be Understood—The Doctrinaires of the Malt-House—An Age that Needs More Romance—Wagner the Champion Band-master.

Snobism in music deserves a Thackeray in description.

Nothing that I know of in shams equals it for intensity.

With a musical malt-house up town that cost millions and disgraces architecture, we are now treated to processions set to music and myths without rhythm or reason, and a fetish worship has set in.

The town thrills with a curious kind of awe over the millions that are represented in the boxes and thinks it is a musical emotion. It stares with delight at the array of wealth, and listens with stunned apathy to the spectacular rumpus, and calls it the patronage of art.

From the parvenu pile with its factory chimneys down to the St. Patrick's Day operas with their interminable bellowings and impenetrable legends, the whole business is enveloped in a stiff, starched mantle of snobism.

Snobism in the tiers, with their groups of dowagers and bevises of belles, stripped to the work of patronage, and straining their systems and their modesty to look contrapuntal through three hours of mythologic anarchy!

Snobism in the long State prison corridors, where Moneybags and Lobbybuilt and Monopolygirt wander up and down and discuss petroleum and railroads and nominations when the orchestral crash is on and the box-doors are shut to keep it in!

Snobism in the foyer, where dilettantism in three stud shirts and four-button gloves stands on its toes to reach the persimmons of propriety, and maudles the catchpenny cant of Wagnerism!

Snobism in the entrance way, where snatches of cigarettes vary the snatches of declamation, and doctrinaires in music discuss my lady's toilet and my dowager's diamonds.

Snobism in the parquet, where the flower of the flock follows Wagner's resolutions with a thousand heroic resolutions of her own to sit it all out or die in the attempt, and keeps her finger on the score like a devotee who hopes to go to Bayreuth when she dies, and who comes away from it all with the same noble elevation of intellect and chastened soul that you would expect in a Cheyenne medicine man who had heard Euclid read for the first time to an accompaniment of tom-toms!

Snobism in the press room, where the jargon of words seems to flower naturally on the jargon stem of harmony; where *Zukunft's musik* is the bottom villainy of each man's thought, and a deadly hatred of anything like a tune mingles with a pagan idolatry of anything like a noise; where the profound depths of the chronicling amateur are moved to observe as he drums an accompaniment on the table: "that the poetized forms of the purely subjective never had so large an element of preciosity as in that syncopated cherd in the strophe;" where apostleship shows itself in praise of mathematical cacophony—with closed doors so that none of the cacophony can get in; where critical analysis is brought in the breast pocket already prepared, and is freshened with a comma for the morning paper, after the procession moves!

Snobism in the great flanking vestibules, as bare and as beautiful as the inside of a packing box, through which my lady, with her train on her arm and her white cloak over her bare shoulders, sweeps as if she were one of the Valkyrie, and my dowager plays the Countess, and does the regnant business, with her fan for a sceptre, and the row of flunkies bow as she strides past, and she withers the policeman with the remark: "That is not my coach, sirrah! Don't you know my panel yet? It's a coronet, fellow!" Where the young men in dress-coats have pearl powder on their shoulders, and the old men wear an art triumph on every wrinkle, but down in their souls wish to God that the malt-house would burn down, and where the merry middle aged men who are unfeminized and undowagerized go home whistling "The Babies on Our Block" upon the same corrective principle that disconcert men nibble the toothsome clove after pouring down the malignant cocktail.

Snobism even in the gallery, where, from the peaks of cheapness, the frugal German barber and the intellectual German band master and the Saengerbundling cigarmaker, with his Gretchen, look down the cañon of the auditorium upon the plains of the performance, and agree with Wagner in their simple souls, and with Mr. Stanton and Mr. J. y Gould that high art depends upon the number of people employed and the number of dollars employing; that a procession means passion; that mise en scene is music; that so long as something is going on, thoughts as well as things are progressing.

As if a squirrel couldn't go round in his cage without making an inch!

As if a music drama that needs a libretto, a score, a commentary and a history for its enjoyment didn't need a pedagogue for its appreciation.

Snobbery, my friends, beyond the limits of

The whole imputation of the Wagner doctrinaire is that lack of appreciation of Wagner is lack of intelligence. The supercilious contempt with which all philosophy not Wagnerian is regarded, becomes sheer pharisaism in the average musical kitten.

I have seen a most excellent fellow in a drawing-room, who had chased music down from Paradise to Palastina, and then up to Fetis and Wagner, most top-loblically sat upon by the demoiselles because he said that Wotan's Abschied shouldn't be put upon a self-sustaining basis in any house where there was more than one piano.

I have seen the boarding-school minxes at the Thomas concert stop chattering and te-he ing and with brilliant shamefacedness exclaim: "Oh, there, that was a Wagner number, and we never applauded. What a shame!"

Some of the fellows who, clinging despairingly to the traditions and associations of Italian

generations were glad to walk in its storied paths and set its pulsing madrigals to noble utterance.

It is the cowardly fashion to speak with contempt of The Trovatore and Martha, because greater masters have wrought greater works. As if intellectual vanity compelled us to decry John Bunyan and Bobby Burns because Milton and Keats have lived.

But a composition that is unwrought as is The Trovatore with the romance of two generations cannot be whistled down the wind by superior prigs. You cannot get out of the recollections of that generation, at least, the voluptuous nights when song was a long delight, and melody came with divine impulse from gifted lips, and went with human witchery straight to human hearts.

We may have to acknowledge that Italian opera is done like the stories of Dumas and Hugo and Thackeray, and in its place we must have

If with that purpose a lover brought a club of declaimers to bawl Wotan's Abschied under my window, and I were a maiden, by all the sawmills in Christendom I'd get hot water ready.

They would not sing so "wildly well" under other windows, because my admiration for music is tempered with what the Declaration of Independence calls a "decent regard" for the rest of my race.

If Mr. Theodore Thomas, who has climbed up on Wagner till he has reached English opera, were to tell me that Wagner's songs, like a Hamburg steak, were made tender by pounding, I should not disagree with him, though it would look very much as if he had gone to teaching the piano or xylophone. But when he adopts his master's theory and tells me that music is apprehended by the reason, I rejoice enthusiastically that algebra is absorbed by the liver.

What this age really needs is more romance. It is gone altogether on its art side to a hard, scrutinizing intellectuality, and on its social side to a systematic hypocrisy. It is ashamed to feel deeply, or to manifest emotion frankly. It is prouder of what it knows than of what it is. It has become a sign of good breeding to keep sentiment out of sight as it keeps its children hidden.

As if idealism were idolatry and maternal vigilance, of the wrong kind, were the price of liberty!

In our literature the authors parade themselves instead of their characters; on the stage the actor plays his personality, not his rôle.

And music—that sweetest, vaguest, subtlest and divinest of all arts, whose shadowy ministry has always furnished wings to the longings and aspirations of the angel that is in us—has been turned from passion to pageantry, and the simple, tuneful souls that once danced to its measures and carried away its daintiest fruits upon their lips have given place to the measurers and gaugers and critics—who insist that the test of worthiness is its being incomprehensible; the measure of beauty is its unattainableness, and the award of effort is the silence of reason after the noise of art.

While I am writing this Patti is preparing for her *réentrée*.

What a strange commentary on the new school, that one little woman with the old methods, the old repertoire, and the old charm stands pitted triumphantly against the populous ensemble, the Lord Mayor's-day Show, and the whole enginery of collective snobism, and excites more pleasure with her melodies than do the vociferous spectacles in which music is only the wind that fills the sail of the show and fans the puppets who bellow!

If you think I am not an admirer of Wagner you are mistaken. I think that Wagner is the champion bandmaster of the era. But I would as soon look for frankincense in a fish-peddler's wagon as for dramatic interest in his operas or for romance in his music.

NYM CRINKLE

Miss Cameron's "Revelation."

"To night has been a revelation to me," said Violet Cameron to a *MIRROR* reporter after her performance at the Brooklyn Theatre on Monday night. "I had hardly hoped for toleration, but here I have been accorded a welcome such as I have not known since leaving home. It was indeed refreshing, and if I have only deserved it—if it is not the result of mere pity—I shall feel that perhaps I have made a mistake in determining upon an immediate return to England. The audience to-night—and you know it was very large—seemed like an old friend. I fear to stir lest I shall awake and find it all a dream. This night will blot out many of the unpleasant experiences that have been mine since I came to America. It will live in my memory always."

To Play Only in German.

On Saturday Gustave Amberg and Kit Clarke, manager of Marguerite Fish, entered into an agreement for the appearance of the latter in German on an extensive tour this season. The young lady will be supported by the Thalia Theatre operatic and dramatic company, which must not be confounded with the troupe now in the West called Amberg's Thalia company.

"Miss Fish, during the first week of her engagement at the Thalia," says Mr. Clarke, "will be seen in six comedies. From these we shall select the pieces to form the repertoire while en route. I have wired a number of managers holding dates if they would accept my star in German. The reply has been a universal 'Yes.'"



RACHEL BOOTH.

the malt-house—promenading in French stays at the *musical* and the four o'clock tea; peiked at the piano, where it sits on Bach to make it higher and doats on Liszt to make it lower; flitting to the Philharmonic with Brahms and Gounod under its arms and priggishness under its corset; looking down on all Philistines who love music for music's sake, and insisting that they shall love it for the sake of mathematics!

I asked a charming little Pharisae at a Philharmonic matinee if she did not admire Meyerbeer (we were talking about opera). She said: "Why, certainly not. I understand Meyerbeer!"

I never knew before why she admired Wagner.

A doctrinaire at the malt-house assured me when I said I did not care for The Walküren that I had not read "Kunstwerk der Zukunft."

Fancy a man having to read Richard Grant White before he can enjoy Shakespeare!

opera, remind me of the few exemplary and pious men that we read of in the time of the Roundhead revolution, who kept silence religiously while the whole nation was canting blasphemously.

I cannot help respecting their undying attachment to the sporadic bad thing. For, after all, it is around the Italian opera that clusters all the romance, all the tender memories, all the passion of song and the poetry of noble utterance. It was on melodic feet that the illustrious queens of the lyric stage came to us, and not in noisy chariots of declamation. It was along the hot veins of men and women that Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, poured their throbbing notes. If they could not throw down the walls of Jericho with their ram's horns they could build, as Amphion built the walls of Thebes, a golden city in the imaginations of men, and they peopled it with winged fancies, and all the song birds of the

subjectivity of mythology mingled with the mathematics of the maestro, as we have the platitudes of James and Howells skirmishing in literature as romances, and bolstered for what they do not do by the doctrinaires of the Century clique.

But we cannot forget that the arias of The Trovatore have been sung on all moonlit nights, across midsummer waters; have been troilled for their passion under the windows of many Leonoras; have wound their Turcan measures with the gay love making at all the watering-places; have clung like the scarlet runner, rich with blood, to all the evenings of the past, when the heart sang and the imagination in golden armor was playing the chivalry of youth.

What a true saying is that of somebody's—"Music cannot make us more virtuous or more intellectual; its true function is to make us more susceptible and more romantic."

At the Theatres.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE—THE CHOUANS.
 Marquis de Montauran.....Maurice Barriere
 Comte de Guise.....Albert Lang
 Comte de Narbonne.....Hamilton Bell
 Major Brisson.....Frank Lyman
 Comtesse de Narbonne.....James Cooper
 Comtesse de Narbonne.....Alice Henderson
 Princesse de Narbonne.....Miss Sullivan
 Marchese de Narbonne.....Miss Sullivan
 Pile-Miche.....William Hawthorn
 Le Barbet.....Laura Johnson
 La Barbet.....Mary Shaw
 Franchise.....Miss Sullivan
 Colonel Hail.....James L. Carnot
 Captain Girard.....Robert Lohr
 Sergeant Beaupre.....Robert Lohr
 Cora.....Charles Vandenberg
 Mme. du Tournai.....Mary Fraser
 Marie de Verneuil.....Mme. Modjeska

Since the first performance of *The Chouans* at the Union Square on Wednesday evening of last week, the text has been pruned, the plot knitted closer and the action compressed. In spite of the length and laxity of the play when it was first brought out it scored a popular success, so that its future was assured. Now, however, with the changes that have been made, it comes much nearer to being a work that satisfies the critical observer. The representation, moreover, which was uneven on the occasion referred to, has become smooth and symmetrical. Notwithstanding the faults and objectionable features of the drama, the fact is established beyond question that in *The Chouans* Mme. Modjeska has secured a valuable addition to her repertoire, and one that is destined to remain in it a long time. Antagonism has been shown to the production in certain quarters for the sole and simple reason that the person responsible for the adaptation is the editor of a disreputable "social" journal, which regularly fills its pages with scandals and obscene stories about people well known in this community for the detraction of a numerous circle of readers, chiefly, we suppose, among the *demi-monde*. Surprise has been expressed that Mme. Modjeska, an irreproachable woman who enjoys social relations with many of the class that this ribald and reprehensible sheet persistently aims its pustules of paragraphs at, should accept and present to her very respectable body of admirers a piece from this sordid pen. But we take it that all this pother is from the purpose, and that the press, with its prejudice, has a right only to discuss the adapter's work—not his character. While *The Mirror* is a conspicuous enemy to personality in journalism, we do not see what that phase of the matter has to do with the case. And it is, furthermore, the blackest injustice to measure a man's dramatic achievements by an estimate of his merit or character in any other pursuit. Here it is *The Chouans* and not the man that Englished it that is on trial.

As we have hitherto stated, the piece is a dramatic version of the first novel to which Balzac stood forth as author. The complexity of the plot, the variety of character are difficult to reproduce in dramatic form, but considering the mass of material to be handled it is effectively transposed. The work of dramatization was performed by Pierre Barton. The incidents are strung upon the conflict of the Chouans of Brittany with the Directorate authorities. Mlle de Verneuil is a spy sent to ensnare and ensnare De Montauran, the chief of the Chouans. She falls in love with him, but he discovers her mission and wantonly turns her over to his henchmen. The deaths of both bring the play to a close. The piece is essentially picturesque, distinctly dramatic and fraught with intense interest from first to last. The leading role gives Modjeska opportunity for exceptionally fine acting. She is finished ingeniously and satisfactorily at all points of the personation. Mr. Barrymore as the Marquis is as incisive as the role demands. Messrs. Carhart and Vandenberg and Miss Henderson are the most striking features of the rest of the cast. The play is staged in a beautiful manner, everything being done in the way of dresses and scenery to make the production as perfect as possible. *The Chouans* will no doubt fill out the remaining period of Modjeska's engagement to large houses.

The public did not give the Vokes management the benefit of a doubt on Monday evening. The illness of Rosina of that ilk weighed a heavy discount in the audience on the first night at the Standard Theatre. With a slight allusion to the lack of quantity that is made up in quality, it may be said that the audience thoroughly enjoyed the bill of fare. Miss Vokes' coadjutors served up a delicious repast, the first course of which was Cousin Dick, a new one act comedy by Val Prinsie, who is an A. R. A., if nothing else. Had Cousin Dick been served last, the audience would have been sniffing the outer air by ten o'clock. It is merely a little game of cross purposes, with a letter as the pivot. Two sisters, Constance and Florence, are practising economy to eke a living. Rich Cousin Dick writes the elder a letter that she construes as a proposal of marriage, and she rises to flights of delight, for she secretly loves him. The younger is shown the letter, and she at once jumps to the conclusion that the proposal is meant for her. On a second reading, Constance, the elder, thinks so, too, and she is plunged into despair. Cousin Dick appears to the younger, and they have a scene, in which the latter upbraids him for his hesitancy in popping the question. Dick is somewhat confounded, but eventually finds a chance to successfully press his suit with Constance, and the fog clears. There is nothing particularly new in this middle, and it might have been better worked out by the principals. Helena Dacre was rather dull as the elder sister, Constance; but her foil, Florence, was charmingly played by Mabel Millett, a very pretty young woman. Dick Dalton, the puzzled lover, was tamely played by Gordon Dall.

The next dish was *In Honor Bound*, another one act bit. Courtney Thorpe and Agnes Miller had the "bit" in this piece, which has been already reviewed in these columns. As the argus-eyed old lawyer, Sir George Carlyon, Mr. Thorpe was excellent, and carried the audience with him in his every movement. He has one fault, however, and that is sometimes puckering of the mouth and nose, which, in that was

rather disgusting. Gordon Dalzell again played a young lover—Philip Graham—and was more successful than in the first piece. Rose Dilympie, his fiancée, was played by Agnes Miller, who made of the part a most confiding creature—in fact, she was sweetly interesting all through. Helena Dacre stood well enough as Lady Carlson when standing still or sitting down; but she was drowsily dressed, and her movements were awkward. In fact her locomotion at times created a slight buzz in the audience, which was too well bred to titter. East riders would have laughed out right.

A Pantomime Rehearsal roused the audience to high good humor. In this clever bit Mr. Elliott, who played the harassed author and manager, deserves first mention. He acted with much zest and earnestness, and was an admirable "feeder" to the swell but awkward amateurs. As he came on as the idiotic Lord Somersault, Weedon Grossmith was given the only demonstrative reception of the evening. Mr. Grossmith is a very droll comedian. His long, low, silly laugh was infectious, while his stupidity under the protests of the exasperated manager was very amusing. Gordon Dalzell was excellent as the big-mouthed military swell, Captain Tom Robinson. Misses Dacre, Millett, Dalzell and Miller made up a quartet of pretty and graceful amateurs. The return of Miss Vokes is awaited to bring a largely increased attendance at the Standard.

Virginius was put on the boards at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night before a critical and numerous audience. The stage setting was really excellent, and the arrangement of the groupings very fine.

The Virginius of Frederick Warde showed the result of continuous and profound study, not a point being omitted which could make the part approach the perfect semblance of nature. Every delicate nuance of light and shadow of the play of emotion, as well as of physical feeling, was represented. The parts in which he rose to the most pronounced skill were in particular the scene in which he pretends not to recognize his daughter's portrait of Iclius and affects ignorance of her being in love; his grief for the death of Dentatus, his surprise and doubt at the information of Lucius that he is wanted in the Court at Rome, and his rage at the abduction of his daughter; his height of feeling when he kills his daughter to save her honor, in the Forum scene; and parts of his subsequent madness. In the course of the mad scenes the points of action in which he seems to hear Virginius' voice; his recognition and strangling of Apicius Claudius; his awakening from the trance-like transport of anger, and his affection even for the ashes of his daughter, were touches of fine perception and knowledge of human sentiment. The audience accepted the performance of the role throughout with enthusiastic applause, and Mr. Warde was called repeatedly before the curtain. The support deserves special mention for its excellence and the judicious casting of the parts. Second in point of histrionic power was the Appius Claudius of Thomas E. Garlick. John F. Palmer filled the role of Caus Claudius very satisfactorily. The Numitorius of George Allen Watson was very good, while the part of Dentatus although admirably acted, especially in the opening scene, by L. F. Rand, betrayed in parts the far too common error of supposing mere loudness to support an effect of strong passion, whereas in truth it greatly detracts from it. Howard Kyle had a comparatively small part as Lucius, but amply showed in it evidences of an advancing ability and painstaking research. The Virginius of Eugenie Blair was a striking effort, especially in her alarm and indignation at her seizure as a slave. Praise is also due to the natural and artistic acting of Emmie Wilmot as the nurse, Servia. The part of the Slave was taken by Flora Gaines. Regarded in its entirety, the performance was one of high merit. Richard Thid will be given this evening.

Roland Reed opened to a good sized house at Poole's Theatre on Monday night, appearing in *Humbug*, a comedy that has now distanced Cheek in popularity. As the rollicking, humbugging Jack Luster, Mr. Reed kept the audience in roars. They did not let go of his topical songs, especially "The Accent On," until the singer's verses were exhausted. Mr. Reed's curtain calls were numerous; in fact he never had a warmer welcome in this city.

This season the young comedian is surrounded by a more than usually good supporting company. The somewhat anonymous Patrice is a pretty little sourette, and as Nettie Shaw was a good foil to Jack. She sang and danced herself into the good graces of the audience. Tom Webber was excellent as Ned Ramsay, "mild as a lamb and yet a bear." Alice Hastings still plays the scheming widow, Mrs. Arminda Bertram Ponsonby, and it remains the same spirited and dashing performance. W. W. Plum—whatever he is—as an old Dutchman, Jacob Harts, gave a very clever character bit. In make up, dialect and action he was very natural, and was funny without effort. Bessie Hunter and Messrs. Reed (Julian), Gobay, Hight, Andrews and Palmer made up the rest of the excellent support. A better satisfied crowd than that of Monday night has never left the doors of Poole's Theatre since its opening. Next week, *A Wall Street Hand*.

Edwin Booth was most heartily welcomed back to the Star on Monday night, the audience attesting its pleasure at the recovery and return of the great tragedian by the utmost enthusiasm. He gave his wonderfully subtle, insinuating and sinuous performance of Iago, and was evidently in the best of form. Mr. Barron as Othello received a double call after the great scene in the third act. Mr. Ahrendt was the Brabantio, Mr. Malone the Cassio, Mr. Fawcett the Roderigo and Emma Vanders the Desdemona. Emilia was nobly acted by Mrs. Foster. Richelieu is the play selected for this (Thursday) evening.

The Sparks company are enlivening the Grand Opera House this week with the merry jingle of their *Bunch of Keys*. The opening house was only fair in size, but the performance was as amusing as if the vacant seats had all been tenanted. Marietta Nash, Eugene Canfield and George Lauri carried off the

comic honors, as usual. Sally Cohen did the little specialties of Dolly Dots engagingly, and for the lullaby from *Erminie* secured an encore. All the other people in the minor parts contributed more or less toward making the evening enjoyable. Next week Corried's Opera company returns with the gorgeous production of *The Gypsy Baron*.

There is a strong and varied bill at Tony Pastor's this week, not the least remarkable feature of which is a wonderful electric organ. The programme here always offers bountiful enjoyment to the visitor.

Storm-Beaten is again on deck, now at the Windsor, where good sized houses are enjoyed. The story of hate and love. Next week, *A Bunch of Keys*.

Monday night a big house gathered to see *The Silver King* at the People's. The spectators were enthusiastic over Charles Haswin's Wilfred, and called him before the curtain three times. The company has already been noticed in these columns. Next week Frank Mayo appears in *Nordeck*.

Mr. Bishop's absence from the cast of *Little Jack Sheppard* Monday night, on account of his son's death, brought William Yardley to the fore as Blueskin. It was the librettist's first essay as an actor, but with the adaptability of all clever Englishmen he tackled the part with the determination that he would have taken up the cricketer's bat, and the wicket William came through the ordeal with flying colors. Jack, by the way, continues to pull goodly numbers to the H. J. and Mr. Goodwin keeps them while they are there in a continuous laughing humor.

According to the public announcements, people who never laughed before are laughing at *Sophia* as it is performed at Wallack's Theatre, and we are furthermore informed that that gifted critic, J. Howard, Jr., pronounces the representation an absolute success. This, of course, dispels all doubt and anxiety as to *Sophia*. Under the circumstances it must hold the boards until—well, we will not prophesy, except to say, until Sister Mary is ready.

Miss Fortescue's performances at the Lyceum are numerous and fashionably attended. Her Frou-Frou has excited general interest, and society is in a flutter over her beautiful gowns. Frou-Frou will be followed with a double bill comprising *King Rene's Daughter* and *Sweethearts*. These selections will display Miss Fortescue's versatility, if she possesses that quality.

Caught in a Corner is coining ducats for M. B. Curtis, party of the first part, and J. W. Rosensquet, party of the second part, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The comedy is uproarious, and Curtis' characterization irresistible. It will remain the attraction as long as possible. The management are trying to secure a slice of Denman Thompson's time.

The O'Reagans—Harrigan's acting—his company's mirth-making—Braham's songs—crowded houses: these are the pleasant and noticeable features around the Park Theatre at present. The same order of things is likely to continue indefinitely.

Jim the Penman is packing the Madison Square. The demand for seats is so unusual that the time for booking has been extended to four weeks in advance. The play is exciting and absorbing, the performance well high faultless, and the mounting superb. Friends of the management confidently predict that Jim the Penman will run through the entire season.

The Musical Mirror.

The representation of *Atta* by the German company at the Metropolitan, on Friday evening, was as good an occasion as could well be found to illustrate the yawning chasm between the old and the new schools of grand opera. The production was magnificently mounted, the orchestra excellent, the work one of Verdi's best, and the singers good representatives of their own class—yet the total effect was unsatisfactory.

The reason is not far to seek. Modern German opera, as represented by Wagner and his followers, refuses, as all intelligent music lovers know, to allow predominant importance to the mere sensuous pleasure of the ear. Of equal value, or even of predominant weight, as some of their opponents contend, are the poetic beauty of the text, the interest of the story, the nice correspondence between the thought to be conveyed and its musical expression, and the richness and appropriateness of scenery, costumes and accessories. The special virtues of the old Italian school, such as warm vocal color, purity of vocal emission, delicacy and correctness of phrasing and melodic grace of composition—all these are subordinated in the new tendencies, to the specially dramatic features of the representation. Every weight is laid on the elements which tend to enforce the specific thought, which set forth most clearly the story as a story. The listener who, neglecting plot and text, expects to have his ear charmed with pleasant sounds, simply as such, will come sparsely off. He must even reckon himself lucky if his merely melodic taste is not shocked with harshness and dissonance, or wearied with monotonous wastes of what to the unregenerate seems like downright platitudes. Uncertain intonation, dry declamation, toneless, colorless voices and rough, noisy, explosive phrasing must not distract him from the higher enjoyment he is supposed to take in the fortunes of his legendary heroes and heroines—the Siegfrieds and Hundingas and Brunnhildes of the new dispensation. In short, his pleasure must be mainly rhetorical, logical and dramatic, rather than musical, as the term has been conventionally understood.

Atta is, in some sense, a product of the new tendencies, and shows the influence of the Wagnerian school on a composer hitherto deemed entirely conventional. It is from beginning to end splendidly dramatic and picturesque, and vigorous with that fine adaptation of the score to the feeling and the situation which the reformers consider imperative. But none the less it is permeated, from overtone to finale, with the warm color and rich sensuous melody of the Italian school. It must be sung not declaimed, and this is precisely what the German company fails to do. It is almost inevitable that, coming fresh from Tristan and the Walkyres, they should bring with them not only their individual characters, but their acquired traditions, and attempt to render the very human love and suffering of *Atta* and Rhadames with the same appliances which have served them for the Titanic emotions of the medieval legend. The result was on Friday almost throughout, incongruous and inartistic. What they did do was to give a finely vigorous presentation of the play of *Atta*; but Verdi's beautiful music got out scant justice at their hands. The arias and concerted music, in their primitive and broken phrasing, were often reduced to the level of recitative, and the recitatives to that of mere prose declamation. Amonasro in the hands of Herr Robinson was an excellent piece of acting, pure and simple, while the merely musical element almost entirely disappeared. And the same is reasonably true of the Amneris of Fri Brandt. Frau Herbert Forrester failed to give full expression to the beautiful cantabile music of *Atta*; her incapacity to sustain her notes and her painful *phrases* would alone unfit her for this class of work, and Herr Zibel has neither the voice nor the style for the hero lover, Rhadames.

These shortcomings, however, were measurably atoned for by the excellence of the ensemble. The chorus was prompt and steady and the orchestra thoroughly good. Of the magnificence of the setting it is almost needless to speak; in such matters the Germans are nothing if not liberal. The wealth of light, scenery, costumes and accessories might well go far to make up in the delight of the eye what was lacking to the ear, and such a stream of waving tans, and glittering mail, and gorgeous robes, and grim idols, and grinning crocodiles, and queer stuffed deities as flooded the stage in the procession of the second act was probably never seen before out of Egypt—or, perhaps, in it.

The return of the favorite operetta, *Erminie*, with its witty and well constructed book and its lively music, was welcomed by crowds of pleased listeners. The cast has been somewhat changed but is still an exceptionally good one. Frank Wilson remains in his original part of Cadeaux (Jack Strop). Mark Smith plays the other thief, the Robert Macaire of the drama, instead of Daboll, and plays it right well, by no means imitating the other but giving a thoroughly intelligent and spirited version of his own, which is far better than a servile copy. Pauline Hall is bright and handsome as before. Marie Jansen and Bella Thorne are vast improvements on their predecessors in their respective parts, and both were greeted with showers of applause and demands for the repetition of their songs. Bella Thorne got a most enthusiastic encore for her air in the first act, and is a decided acquisition to the Casino company. The minor characters were all well sustained as is the case in this well organized and carefully trained opera company. Jess Williams was very warmly welcomed back, together with his admirable band, and the chorus did their part to make the whole entertainment worthy of their director and of the theatre that has given us so many admirable pieces admirably played.

The Mikado at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is doing very well. Geraldine Umar's indisposition cast rather a shadow over the affair, but, spite of that misfortune, the performance goes right well, and this most admired of comic operas has lost none of its favor with the public. Courtes Pounds is still the ideal Nanki-Poo, and his collaborators second him bravely. The band chorus and scenic effects are simply perfect in all respects.

Koster and Bial are doing excellent well with their clever burlesque and admirable specialties, which delight crowded audiences every night.

The first part of Dockstader's musical minstrelsy is of quite unexcelled excellence. Harry Pepper's fine tenor voice and genuine school of ballad singing are among the attractions of the performance. All his own songs, by his own self mostly, are melodious and effective; while Mr. Quade's fine baritone. Noble's noble base, and Joe's tuneful alto are all gems of vocalization. We have never had such good music in a minstrel band before.

Professional Doings.

Charlotte Thompson will shortly take to the road.

Annie McVeigh has left the *Condemned to Death* company.

Fred Bryton's dates are being cancelled in favor of a new route.

Frank E. McNish, the minstrel, plays an engagement in Paris next Summer.

Adelaide Moore opens the new Opera House at Waterloo, la., on Saturday night.

Marie Petrusky, late of Ida Lewis' company, is at liberty for juveniles or sourettes.

W. E. White's Chestnuts company, with Harry Clarke as star, opens in Denver this week.

Florence Potter plays Rose with a Confusion company that opens in Brooklyn next week.

Leonora Bradley has been temporarily playing the leading role in *Condemned to Death*.

Beatrice Lieb has joined Maude Granger's company. She plays Kate Wilmarth in *Lynwood*.

There is some talk of Chalet and Gulick of Pittsburgh, opening a low-price theatre in Louisville.

T. J. Farron has cancelled all his Eastern dates and goes directly West and thence South and Southwest.

Frank C. Cooper, business manager of the Chicago Opera company, retired from the company at Omaha last week and returned to Chicago.

R. L. Marsh retires from the management of the Grand Opera House, Milwaukee, at the close of this season.

Marlande Clarke leaves Louise Rigg's company at the close of this week and joins Eben Pympton in Jark.

Business is so poor in Sherman, Texas, that Manager Bassett threatens to close his theatre if it does not improve.

Jessie Buckner, a daughter of General S. B. Hucker, joins Gurdiner's Zeno company in New Orleans on Sunday night.

Robert Mantell opened at the Wieting Opera House, Syracuse, on Monday night, in *Tangled Lives*, to standing-room only.

There is a glut of tenors in the opera market. Fourteen leading and recognized tenors are in town and out of engagement.

F. C. Bangs closed season in Bloomington, Ill., last week. Cause—bad business. He proposes to reorganize and play week stands only.

Sanger and Edwin's *Dreams*, or, *Funina Photograph Gallery* goes out on a tour next week. Tim Murphy will play the *Photographer*.

After a continuous tour of over a year Bella Moore is in Cincinnati taking a rest. Her company will be reorganized for a fresh start.

J. L. Carncross proposes to remodel and enlarge his Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia. It is probably the oldest minstrel hall in the world.

George E. Rogers has added the Opera House at Van Wert to his Ohio circuit. The circuit now comprises Lima, Findlay, Wapakoneta and Van Wert.

Walter Hine, late in advance of Edwin Booth who has been very ill at his home in Baltimore, is improving slowly and hopes soon to be again on the road.

On her recent birthday Biju Fernandez received presents from all the members of Kate Forsyth's company. The little tot is a great favorite with the company and the public.

Wright Huntington has joined the Hedley-Harrison Youth company to play the leading role of Frank Durlington in place of King Hedley, who will give his time to the management.

A good attraction is wanted at the Kalama (Mich.) Opera House for the week of Dec. 27—opera preferred. Seating capacity 1,000; plenty of scenery, large stage, steam-heated, etc.

Morris Warner's engagement with Robson and Crane has no bearing upon the duties of Messrs. Brooks and Shea, whose positions remain unchanged. Mr. Warner will be several weeks in advance.

M. Doyle's Martyr company is meeting with great success on the road. Mr. Doyle claims his Martyr as the only authorized production and he warns against infringement.

Winnie Hauk's concert receipts were garished at Bay City, Mich., on Monday night. Managers Clay, Buckley and Thayer, of the Michigan circuit, claiming \$300 damages for breach of contract.

The success of *The Devil's Auction* is something phenomenal. Last Monday night in Monticello, Ala., it played against two circuses, a State Fair, a cheap-price theatre and other attractions, and yet drew the largest house of the season.

Libby Washburn and Frank M. Palmer, of the Chicago Opera company, were married on Tuesday of last week at Sioux City, Iowa. Both are popular with the members of the company, and they were the recipients of a number of handsome presents.

Dickson and Talbot, of Indianapolis, announce the following open time: Indianapolis—Christmas week at the Grand and English; Terre Haute, Ind., Christmas week; Evansville, New Year's; Vincennes, Ind.; Lafayette and Danville, Christmas and New Year's.

Arthur T. Reed is managing the new Clay Avenue Theatre at Muskegon, Mich. The house has a seating capacity of 1,000, and the population of Muskegon is now 25,000. Manager Reed wants attractions for December and January, and would prefer opera companies.

S. S. Levy, manager of the Whittlesley Opera House at Norwalk, corrects the statement that he rents only. He has played companies on shares for four years past. Mr. Levy writes that he will have a new theatre completed and ready to open by the first of May next.

John T. Hinds' Bells o' Shandon company have been harassing him on the score of back salaries. Fred Frear attached the box office in Willimantic, Ct., last week, and managed to satisfy part of his claim. At last accounts the company had disbanded, at least temporarily.

The Sixth Avenue Theatre at Beaver Falls, Pa., has a stage 35x70 twelve sets of scenery, fifteen dressing rooms, and seats 1,200. Manager Rohrkaste claims his house to be the largest and most popular place of amusement for miles around, and he will book only the best attractions.

W. W. Kelly writes from London: "Grace Hawthorne has scored a wonderful success here at the Olympic Theatre. We have run *The Governess* three weeks, and only withdraw it now because we are under contract to produce Frank Harvey's *Ring of Iron*, which opens to night (Nov. 6). However, we will continue *The Governess* at matinees."

Jacques Cartier Hall at Quebec has been refitted and rechristened the Theatre Royal. New seats and new scenery are among the many improvements. The house was opened last week by a French company in *Louis Riel*. Frank Martin is the proprietor and C. J. Stevenson the manager. They invite correspondence with a view to week dates at low prices.

The calcium light which has done so much for stage representations in the past is doomed. As the old gaslight has been superseded by the electric light, so also must the lime-light give way before it. By the use of colored bulbs, the incandescent electric light will cast a warm yellow glow, a deep canary shade, a white light, a pale blue tint, a weird, greenish shadow, or a bright and effulgent red—to say nothing of a soft, continuous, non-dazzling illuminating flame. The success of the electric system in the theatres in this city has been such that managers generally throughout the country have determined to adopt the same plan of lighting, and one firm has right orders ahead for this kind of work. The introduction of the electric system reduces the rates of insurance materially.

The Giddy Gusher.



Very few women have ever signaled a victory over Mrs. Necessity by a successful flirtation with the old lady's pet child, Invention, and I am heartily glad of it.

It was the daughter of a blacksmith who remembered that when her mother was ill her father buried the base of his anvil in sand, that the noise of the near-by forge might not annoy her, and, applying this recollection to the Sixth avenue elevated roads, patented an invention that came, like Holmes' poultice, "to heal the blows of sound," robbing the road of half its row.

It was a woman who got up that patent inkstand that won't tip over, or, rather, the one that always keeps tipping over but never spills.

It was a woman who invented that beautiful fastener for the Albert cravat, that makes two distinct pin-pricks in a man's shirt front and can never be replaced in the same holes, and leads me to sing out to the tune of "The Bells."

Oh, the holes, the holes!
The little tell-tale holes!
What a world of mischief
That fastener controls!
How it tells of pins rectitude,
Just two holes, and no more,
But opens a divorce case
For the wife who finds there's four!

It was a woman who invented a self-rocking cradle that wound up with a bed-key.

But these are mere drops in the bucket of patents that slop over all creation. I'm living in a nest of man's inventions—in fact, I may say, like the doctor's boy who took the pills, "They are experimenting on me." All the new-fangled ideas this side of sundown made easy prey of my gentle landlord. A plumber full of theories got hold of him; an architect of vague possibilities had already laid him captive; he yielded to the latest nonsense. He was even weak enough to give in to an advanced plasterer who had views.

One of the advantages of the flat this flat took was steam-heat. A gentle, perpetual, even glow of Summer warmth was the thing she supposed steam-heat to be. She surveyed heavily-gilded radiators with sublime confidence—confidence that has been betrayed in the most sickening manner. That infernal steam heat begins to choke and snort in the pipes about 7 A. M. At 9 she's booming; the place is hot as Jake Sharp. At 12 noon, for some reason, it is shut off. The premises cool like so much mutton-tallow; the thermometer tumbles from 76 degrees to 40 in an hour. Your hitherto fire-proof Gusher gets such a cold as never went anywhere.

At 3, after a protracted seance with a tantalizing janitor, the place warms up for business. We just "bile" till half past 9, when I expect the furnaces are banked up and the janitor bunks up for the night. Now, Captain Kane never need have gone to the North Pole in search of death by cold. He could have perished like a frog at Ninety second street in my flat. This is one of man's inventions, and I piously kiss him for it.

Then we have electric bells and door-openers, and little things like these are not to be depended upon like the old-fashioned affairs that were worked by muscular force and ocular power. Twice a day the front door won't open, and the blushing tenants climb out the cellar opening looking like detected thieves.

Last night I started to see my friend Aronson return, after a season of mourning, to the festivities that have always marked his career at the Casino. I wanted to see that most beautiful of brunettes, Pauline Hall, and that most piquante of brunettes, Marie Jansen, and that most comical brunette, Frank Wilson, again assert the supremacy of the most attractive place of amusement in New York. I got as far as the front door. Inside there was an anxious parent of a sick child flattening his nose against the aesthetic glass—that we are so full of—and outside there was the highly medicated countenance of Dr. Robertson, full of relief for the patient waiting to get in. Inside was a much dressed up young lady, the color of a ripening strawberry or a recent mosquito bite, peering through a pink bull's-eye glass at a young man who was sucking a hammered-silver ball as if it was one of Succi's sustaining fast pills.

Outside there was a darkey caterer with a series of tin pans, lashed ingeniously together, in which reposed rapidly congealing portions of porridge, pork and pie.

Inside was the lonely, empty bachelor of the third floor, who has his witties conveyed to his witals per mecke three times a day in this fashion.

We were a pretty party, outside and inside. The doctor and I exchanged prescriptions, in which there were few scruples and no drachms. Finally, at 8.30, when the sick child was past help, when the lover had gone to call on another girl, and the third floor bachelor had

fasted from manition, the father suggested that if I was going to the theatre that evening I had better go through the cellar. Think of that! Drag that pale mauve toilette, that I had intended to donight Et. Aronson's critical eye with, over tons of coal—Chestnut, Lettich and Laskawanna! Not much! I stopped at home to consider the enormity of man's blamable inventions, and wish he wouldn't, while the janitor took the door off its hinges. As for that merry little delusion, the electric bell, my landlord had better have fired us with some superannuated chestnut bells. Ours ring once in a while, oftener they don't. My friends come and punch the button till they are tired, so I have inscribed a ticket on the bell pull saying: "If no one answers in half an hour, send out a fire alarm at the corner."

Of course I will go see the engines and so see my visitors.

I dropped in to hear Robert Ingersoll, the other evening, and I couldn't but think that the Lord was making a great mistake in letting the doctors cure that throat. I have been following up the wonderful iconoclast for the last six or eight years, and every time I hear him he seems to be brighter, bigger and better. We have no orator who bears any comparison to him. The defunct Sumner and the deceased Phillips got up lectures that were carefully carved and polished, and made of the best marbleized language. Ingersoll creates a living, breathing, singing, swaying, laughing, tearful entertainment—amusing, instructive, intensely human, and undeniably enjoyable.

On one of the very wet days of last Fall—a drizzly, gloomy afternoon in late November—I was waiting in a coupé at the door of a friend's house in Thirty-ninth street, and I fell to watching a poor devil of a man who had sat down in a church door opposite.

I thought he was the result of some corner gin mill till he lifted his miserable head and showed a lean, anxious, but perfectly sober, face, and I made up my mind that I would not leave the spot without an effort to help an evidently suffering human being.

It was approaching dinner-time, and a world of returning citizens hurried past the homeless man. Perhaps he thought the story of his need was written on his haggard face, for he kept it upturned in speechless misery to the callous passers by.

The side door of the church opened, and three sleek, well-fed gentlemen, one of them in clerical cut garments, came forth.

"Thank the Lord!" said I to myself; "here's help at last. They will never fail to see that poor sinner by the gate."

But they raised their umbrellas, they exchanged parting words at his very knees, and went their several ways as indifferent to the water-soaked wretch who leaned against their door-post as they would be to a bottle of cod-liver oil in a drug shop window.

Perhaps ten minutes went by (Marie always took half an hour to hunt her gloves and pin on her hat); fifty more prosperous gentlemen gave the poor man a careless look, when, piling down the street, I saw a big man with a boy's face and a very small umbrella.

Robert Ingersoll, by the big unlighted torch of Liberty!

I made a mental bet in a second that this man, this Cheeryble Brothers rolled into one, would never bestow indifference on my miserable claimant. And he didn't. On he lumbered, into one puddle and out of another, revolving some pleasant circumstance in his mind, for almost a smile played over his broad, jolly face. He plodded straight by my man, his head bent. Was it possible he didn't see him, or, seeing him, would display the same Christian indifference I had been watching for twenty minutes?

No, bless him! He halted in the pleasantest puddle on the block; he turned an inquiring look on the lowly wayfarer; he held the small umbrella carefully over his humble brother that the steaming tips might not add a drop to his dripping misery. I watched him question the sinner by the tabernacle, and as the answers were given from the pitiful face, a sympathetic interest shone on my good Samaritan's. He stretched forth his hand and helped the man on to his feet; he steadied him for a moment, for the drenched wretch was ill, and finally Mr. Ingersoll, who had been heading eastward, reversed his engines, took the poor man by the arm, and went off to the west, piloting, sustaining, comforting and, I have no doubt, providing for a woe it had struck no other man to relieve during all the afternoon.

I've seen Robert Ingersoll in very swell company. I've seen him in more dress-coat than would run a Delmonico ball—guests and waiters. I've seen him when he thought he looked well enough to have his picture taken. But I could see a nimbus round his trowers-legs and a halo round his shirt collar as he paddled off down the street with the famished wanderer of the church-gate, and I know he was the finest looking man in the United States that afternoon.

Just all that incident indicated I heard him say in Chickering Hall the other night. Through all the magnificent passages of his splendid appeal for the poor and down-trodden I could see the old picture framed by the coupe window, and I shall never cease to remember thankfully the time when he did what I wanted to do, and what I sat in the rain planning how to do.

He has a wife and two daughters, and no doubt a few affectionate female friends, and I hope the next time they kiss that expansive countenance they will put in a dose of extra warmth for the sake of the

GIDDY GUSHER.

Miss Dauvray's Unnamed Play.

Bronson Howard, the playwright, was seen by a MIRROR reporter just before he left for Chicago, to which city he goes to superintend the final rehearsals of his new comedy. Concerning the unnamed play he said: "I consider the work the best of my life. The plot is novel. With the exception of the hero and villain, the characters are all American. There has been no attempt made to portray any peculiar types of character. Except in the first act there are really no distinctive farcical points in the play, which I might properly call a romantic comedy-drama. Miss Dauvray's character is that of a hoydenish American girl, something after the style of Kate Shipley in One of Our Girls, but will really give her greater opportunities to display her talents as an actress. The first act occurs in the wilds

of the Adirondack Mountains, and if you have ever been there you know the possibilities afforded in this scene for the painter and stage carpenter. The second act passes at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, while the action of the third and last act occurs on the verandah of a hotel on the shores of Lake Champlain. So you see I have not forgotten to give the painter a chance. Several titles have suggested themselves, but I shall not christen it until I see one rehearsal at least."

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 28

This week it has been the correct thing with West enders to make up exploring parties to the Distant Orient—Shoreditch to wit—where the Standard, a house that is claimed to seat more than any other theatre in London, is located. Here an extraordinary play called A Dark Secret has been nailed up over and around a Tank by James Willing, Jr., and John Douglass. Dilling is an advertising agent and bill-sticker, and has (on play-bills) figured for some years past as a Standard author. It may be said in Willing's favor that no one who really knows him for one moment suspects him of having written these or any other plays. All he has done is to lend the use of his name to the real culprit, who is his friend, John Douglass, the proprietor of the Standard Theatre, and who, either from excessive modesty, commendable shame or singular superstition, has hitherto abstained from putting his own name to any pieces but pantomimes. As there can be no doubt that A Dark Secret is a big success, it may be that now Douglass has once broken the ice he will henceforth adventure upon his own account and leave Willing to find another collaborator.

I do not propose to tell you the plot of A Dark Secret. That way madness lies. Neither will I give you any excerpts from the dialogue, which is for the most part beneath contempt, though quite up to the average of its predecessors. No; I will tell you about the Tank, which is really the biggest thing of its kind ever put upon any stage. The Tank's reason for existence is the scene "Regatta Day at Henley-on-Thames—the race for the Diamond Sculls," and the reason for showing Henley Regatta at all is the Tank, the notion of which, it is only fair to suppose, first of all budded forth in the author's brain, the rest of the play, as I have already said, being subsequently nailed up around it. This Tank, then, is 138 feet long and twenty feet wide, and it is filled with real water, the depth of which ranges from two feet at the back to four feet in the front, where the finish for the Diamond Sculls takes place. At the O. P. side this lake—for it is little less—extends far beyond the wings, its limit being some railway arches, outside the theatre. The tank is a fixture on the stage so long as A Dark Secret runs and all the other set scenes are built so as to cover it. I am not hogs on stage realism, but must honestly admit that this regatta scene is a most magnificent stage picture. The backdrop, painted with the skill for which Richard Douglass, the Standard scenic artist, is renowned, represents Henley Bridge and the river bank, the effect of crowds of spectators being very cleverly indicated. Houseboats full of picknickers line the course. Real wherries, outriggers, punts, gondolas, and goodness knows what, row hither and thither upon the real water. Real swans wobble aimlessly around, evidently very much mixed as to the whole proceedings—and then, to crown all, a real steam-launch worked by real steam comes snorting and puffing and screeching in and out and round about and up and down and making the whole thing so startlingly lifelike that you rub your eyes and wonder whether, after all, you are not looking at a real Henley during the wrong end of your opera-glass. The realism does not end here, for presently boats are upset and their occupants fished out of the water drenched and dripping, hugely to the delight of their kind friends in front, who can always appreciate practical humors of this sort. Finally rain descends in torrents and some of it runs into the orchestra.

After all these wonders what could anyone care about the play? Not much, anyhow. Suffice to say that it is full of horrors. In the prologue a man is put to bed in "The Tower Chamber," and next morning is found with his head cut off. The coroner's jury bring it in suicide. But the dead man's sweetheart doesn't think much of coroners' juries, and devotes her life to the unravelling of this Dark Secret. In the process she is put into a vault, which is filled up with water to drown her, only it doesn't. This persecuted lady's young step-sister is treated worse still. Her French governess pinches her black and blue, shakes her, and flags her severely with a horse-whip. Finally, the poor little girl is sent to bed in "The Tower Chamber," to be drugged first and murdered afterward. She looks out of window and sees two men digging her grave. Her coffee is drugged, but she won't drink, and the wicked Frenchwoman drinks it instead, and presently goes to sleep on the bed. Enter then the two chief villains, father and son, with a small pickaxe, which they drive through the sleeping Frenchwoman's brain three times, and all thus ends happily.

Some of these horrors are lifted out of "Uncle Silas"—a grim novel by Sheridan Le Fanu—but the dialogue is Willing or Douglass' Very Own. It's a thousand to one about that. Stella Breton (Mrs. Richard Douglass) plays the poor little girl who is fagged, and Amy Steinberg (Mrs. John Douglass) plays the strong-minded step-sister who puts everything straight. Both ladies show to great advantage. Dolores Drummond plays the French governess with Frenchish malignity. Julian Cross and Henry Bedford are the villainous villains.

The long-promised adaptation of Josephine Vendue par ses Sœurs, an opera bouffe now

fairly familiar to New Yorkers, duly made its appearance at the Opera Comique the other night. This was "Englished" (as you Americans put it) by Charles Marsham Rae, who, by reason of his being usually a smart adapter from the French—as witness his version of The Man with Three Wives—was promptly forgiven by public and press for a woeful thing he committed some time ago called Doo Brown & Co., which ran almost a week. I need hardly tell you that Josephine, etc., in its original state would not do for the English theatrical market, which, as you know, is watched over by the Lord Chamberlain and the Licensor of Plays, who are supposed to prevent the display of wares that may be adulterated with indecency. Now, apart from the indecency suggested or expressed, of Josephine, etc., it was avowedly a broadly drawn travesty of the Scriptural story of Joseph and his brethren, and burlesques of Biblical subjects is what the bold British playgoer will not tolerate in any shape or form. This being so, Rae has removed everything that may be deemed irreverent—so much so, in fact, that he has not only called the piece Our Diva, but has renamed the heroine Caroline.

In all this commendable eagerness to avoid offence, Rae has not been careful to give us a brisk look. The first act, although it played half an hour too long on the first night, was amusing enough, and ended effectively. But after that the story seemed to limp feebly, so weak was it. And although in Victor Rogers' music we now and again had a bright number that drew forth genuine applause, Rae had little share in any success of that sort, for the words he had supplied to the airs were of a crude, jerky and unsingable kind. Part of the second act caused a flutter for awhile under the shirt-bosoms of stalwarts by reason of a number of décolleté damsels being discovered posing prettily about the harem of Alfred Pasha. But this soon subsided. There were opportunities for plenty of fun in Our Diva, alias Josephine, etc., but Rae seems to have been in too great a hurry with his book, and so has missed them. Therefore, notwithstanding the vocal and histrionic ability of Frank Celli as Monteclo, Frank Wyatt, a really droll Pasha, Effie Clements as the Diva, Madame Amadi, the wife of Toole's stage manager, George Loveday, as Madame Dubois (formerly Mother Jacob) and of a merry it somewhat extravagant actress, Minnie Marshall, as the frisky Fifine, it does not seem very probable that Our Diva will revive the long fallen fortunes of the Op. Com., otherwise the Theatre Royal Tunnels.

The Daily Telegraph has been picking holes in the stockings of a clever and popular French actress—Mlle. Jeanne Granier. This lady, it appears, has recently been sued by her laundress for a washing-bill to the tune of nearly 2,000f. The D. T. "special" who wires over his views concerning Paris Day by Day, not content with revealing the fact that the actresses' stockings are of silk and that they cost 150f. a pair, must needs go on to say that when sent to the wash they, with other articles of underclothing, almost invariably needed repair. After this it is to be hoped that the D. T. will never again tell us that the public have the right only to deal with an actress' doings on the stage, and that it is altogether wrong to discuss her private affairs. It is literally playing it low down, and is a darned shame to throw the fierce light of publicity on her undarned stockings.

Yesterday, critics and others were called to the Prince of Wales' (late Prince's), at the top of the Haymarket, to take note of a new drama called Hidden Worth, and written by one Horace Sedger. This name is not familiar to the general public, but we critics (how clever we are, to be sure!) know that it is owned by a handsome orange-tawny bearded young Israelite, who is the husband of Augustus Harris' sister Nelly and part runner (with Edgar Bruce and Co.) of the Prince of Wales' show abroad. For some few days the public had read in connection with the advertisements of this piece, the following quatrain out of Tennyson:

All precious things discovered late,
To those who seek them issue forth;
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from "Hidden Worth."

The said readers failing (as may be gathered from the above) to grasp the lordly laureate's meaning, they not unnaturally wondered what Hidden Worth could be all about. Well, I will tell you.

It was in a prologue and three acts. The scene of the prologue was a gambling saloon in the Humboldt Valley, Nevada. So, you see, the play, to start with, should have some interest for Americans. In this saloon you found several cowboys, miners, loafers, tramps, and so forth, who all carefully avoided the American as She is Spoke. To make up for this, however, they got through a lot of cursing, drinking, shooting and stabbing, as is, I believe, the custom of the country. In this saloon was found Kate Evaline Kellie, known as "Little Kit." She was shown to have yearnings for a better life, also to have been lured into matrimony by Arias Henriques, "miner, on ticket-of-leave." Eventually, after an extra special murder, viz., of Jim, "a lucky miner," Little Kit resolves to leave the saloon at once and forever and is helped to erect by a gift of money from William Shaw, mine proprietor. With Kit forming a picture outside the window, and with Shaw and a friend keeping the murderers at bay, the prologue came to an end, making you feel that a good deal of dramatic stuff was in it, and would have come out of it, if it had been stage-managed.

After a long, long wait, meant to symbolize the lapse of three years, and long enough to make you think the lapse was to be gone through literally, the play proper was served up. In this we found Kit, now calling herself Eva, married to the Rev. Compton Hastings, Rector of Stanstead, Kent. Of course, as is the custom in plays, Kit-Eva had never dropped a word to her husband about her "past." Not she. If she had, Shaw could have mysteriously turned up as he did and pointed out to his old friend the Rector how that Eva was nothing but Little Kit, the companion of gamblers and murderers in Nevada, and the lawful wedded wife of the miner on ticket-of-leave who helped to murder Jim, the lucky miner. Terrible trouble ensued. Eva left her home, also a letter to say why. The parson's peace of mind was gone forever. And when it all seemed too late Shaw, the officious, discovered, by means of a ring, that Kit was his own child by his first wife, who deserted him (Shaw) twenty years before, and fled with Kellie to Nevada, where she died.

It was not quite too late, however. Eva (meaning Kit) was brought back, faint and weary, by the parson's sister's young man, who seemed to have a horror of speaking so that you could understand him. Then Kellie, who made out that he had got religion, and I had been hanging around with the view of blackmailing Kit, was arrested for several murders. Henriques' death was proved, and everybody else was so happy that they suddenly remembered to try to give off a tag as the curtain fell, but the curtain was down before they could manage it.

Hidden Worth was somewhat crudely constructed, and the first act (after the prologue) was totally unnecessary, but it contained some admirable dialogue and character drawing, and if the piece had been rehearsed and stage-managed, and players had remembered their lines, it would have achieved considerably more success than it did. James Fernandez, J. G. Graham, J. G. Taylor and Dolores Drummond all worked hard and nobly to pull the piece along, and gave respectively sound pieces of acting; but they were all handicapped by Ada Cavendish, whose knowledge of the text was so imperfect that she seemed in a continual nervous fright. It was evident that this powerful pathetic actress was extremely ill.

Your (and Our) Mary will appear at the Gaiety next May. Don't be alarmed. Miss Anderson does not intend to figure in burlesque, as some might think, from the theatre named. No; she will appear in a round of her most popular characters, and later on in a new play by a Great Author, whose name I have vowed wild horses shall not drag from me—at present. Miss Anderson will probably remain at the Gaiety until Christmas, 1887. Fay Templeton, also of America, has also been engaged for the Gaiety, and she will play in burlesque, namely, at Christmas.

GAWAIN.

Professional Doings.

—The Doris Circus has reached its Winter quarters in Indianapolis.

—The Lillian Conway Opera company re-opens in Philadelphia on Nov. 29.

—The Belle Cole Concert company has abandoned its tour for this season.

—Dr. Morgan gives illustrated lectures every Sunday evening at Poole's Theatre.

—Mabel Stephenson is winning laurels as the vocalist with the Hungarian Gypsy Students.

—Osmond H. Butler has been appointed to the business-management of the Edwin Booth tour.

—The Kalamazoo is the hotel at Kalamazoo, Mich., at which to register. It is near both theatres.

—The Irene Taylor company is still in existence, and has not stranded. It is in a healthy condition financially, and is doing well in Ohio towns.

—The most successful engagement this season in Paterson, N. J., was that of the Hansons in Fantasma. On Nov. 15 16 money was refused at both performances.

—The Union Hotel, Detroit—at 210-212 West Woodbridge street—is convenient to theatres and depots, with street car connections. Special rates to the profession.

The Astor and Mexican Village is in full swing at Cosmopolitan Hall. It is a wonderful sight to see— quaint, picturesque, antique—and is very instructive for the young.

—It is mooted that Lev. Ballenberg, manager of the Cincinnati Grand orchestra, and at one time associate manager of Pike's Opera House, will shortly replace Lenky Miles as Treasurer of the Cincinnati Grand Opera House.

—The Cincinnati Law and Order League has now resorted to arresting the actors engaged in Sunday performances on the closing day of their Cincinnati engagement—a proceeding that unavoidably subjects the victims to a great deal of annoyance.

Mrs. Ettie Henderson's Martyr Mother has been accepted by David Bidwell, of New Orleans, and will be produced by his stock company. Osmond Tearle and Minnie Conway will be in the cast. Almost a Life and The Forge-Master, also by Mrs. Henderson, are in negotiation.

—Denman Thompson has given exclusive rights to Joshua Whitcomb to Charles F. Fox and Thomas E. Mico, and he warns managers not to book dates with any others. Any manager booking a date with a pirate company will not be dealt with by Mr. Thompson in The Old Homestead.

—The Little Tycoon, with Elma Delaro, Louise Paul, N. E. Graham and the original company, arrived in Philadelphia at 4:45 P. M. Monday, after a successful tour of principal cities, and opened at the Temple Theatre the same evening to the largest house of the season, the receipts being over \$1,100.

—F. F. Proctor's Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., is now the leading amusement resort in the Eastern District over the river. In fact, under the new management it is a phenomenal success. The stage (new) accommodates the most pretentious attractions. Standard attractions are played at popular prices. Other houses in the Eastern District are pigmies compared with the Novelty. The week of Dec. 13 is open for opera or musical comedy. Wire or mail F. F. Proctor at Albany, N. Y.

—Southern managers complain bitterly of John W. Jennings' lack of faith in keeping his contracts with them in the matter of the play Confusion. Several letters of complaint have been received by THE MIRROR, and the Randall Bureau comes in for a share of the censure. Manager Albert, of Chattanooga, Tenn., is the latest to send in his grievance. But if Manager Albert had read his MIRROR carefully he would not have been led astray, for the collapse of the Confusion company was therein distinctly stated.

—Ullie Akerstrom has become an established favorite in New England. This little lady tests the capacity of every house at which she plays. She plays an extended repertoire, some of the plays using standard, others new and her own exclusively. Eastern managers, in their eagerness for return dates, are only too glad to give testimonial letters attesting Miss Akerstrom's drawing powers. Much of the star's success is due to the able management of Frank Charvat, who is ever on the alert in the interest of his attraction, and has made her name a household word in New England.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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Special Notice.

THE MIRROR will be published next week on Wednesday morning, as Thursday is a legal holiday. Correspondents are requested to mail their letters to reach this office not later than Monday morning.

Observance of Days.

The theatrical profession, being accredited as devoted to whatever is decorative and ornamental, it seems a neglect on their part that official notice is so little taken of days which should be emphasized at the theatre. According to the sentiment which should govern, and which seeks to make the calendar a rosary of special efforts to please and gratify the public, is it out of order to inquire why our managers do not give special and apt performances on all feast days and holidays of general observance? Here, for instance, is Thanksgiving Day now at hand, proclaimed by the President and State Governors. What could be more timely and acceptable than an idyllic drama of home interest warming the heart and awakening all benevolent sensibilities? Then there is the Christmas pantomime, constructed on an American model for the delectation of the juveniles and their mothers. Evergreen New Year's is a comedy of good things for the months to come—everything fresh, cheerful, and starting the annual round of life with a hip-hip-hurrah of sportful scenes and promises. May we not celebrate Washington with a Revolutionary play of heroic impulse and majestic self-sacrifice for the birthday of the Father of his Country? Fourth of July celebration day comes forward and demands to be taken notice of with patriotic displays and champion feats in which liberty is always at the top and crowned with the laurels of the olden times.

And so we may make account as we pass along with every memorable occasion, lavishing the genius of our playwrights for continuous novelties of incident, character and invention, affording a constant succession of glorious subjects for scenic illustration, and our managers on the imp to keep abreast with popular expectation.

The time is still remembered when some attention was given to the requirements we dwell on, and in the observance of the set days we did not fail to see the battle

of Ottawa, Putnam and '76, and kindred home and national topics blazoned at the theatre, and simple as they were in regard to art, sending a thrill through every honest bosom in the land. No nobler taste could be set before our honorable guild than to have them entertain their constituents with an outpour of domestic and national dramas and diversions, keeping company with the red-letter days as they come along.

Change Makes Change.

We do not mean small change, such as dimes and quarters, but the change which in the past generation called a man wealthy who was worth some fifty or one hundred thousand dollars, to our present scale, which calls for fifty or one hundred millions. The attention of a theatrical commentator is called to this fact by two of the most popular New York newspapers, which, apropos of the opening of the season of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House give us horse-shoe diagrams of the house with the names of the occupants of the principal boxes and seats. A scrutiny of the names will show that the Book of the Elite there held as authority is in a very considerable measure a transfer from the United States bond office, bank ledgers and other records and depositories of cash values.

A diagram of the old Park Theatre, the acknowledged gathering-place of choice spirits one or two generations ago, would show that the chief sittings were not occupied by men notable for their pecuniary holdings. Those who came to the front at that time and place represented scholarship, literature, the judiciary and a certain cast of personal accomplishment and character. Whoever looked around the circle would see as habitual frequenters such men as Philip Hone, known as the gentlemanly Mayor; Ogden Hoffman, the most eloquent pleader at the New York bar; Charles King, editor of the *haut ton American*, afterward President of Columbia College; a son of Rufus King, United States Senator; James Watson Webb, of Revolutionary descent (father of Seward Webb, who married a daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt); the three accomplished editors of the old MIRROR—George P. Morris, author of "Woodman Spare that Tree;" N. P. Willis, the brilliant author of many books; the third, Theodore S. Fay, being absent in the Berlin Legation (author of "Norman Leslie," a novel from which was derived a drama that was played scores and scores of nights at the Old Bowery); Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, the actress, author of the comedy of Fashion; Mrs. Kirkland, the popular sketcher of Western life; Fitz-Greene Halleck, of "Marco Bozzaris" renown; there too, was Dr. John W. Francis, who wrote "Old New York" and was the bosom friend of George Frederick Cooke, the great actor. While it cannot be recalled that James Gordon Bennett was ever seen in the theatre, Raymond of the *Times* had not yet appeared on the scene, and Horace Greeley was probably enjoying himself at a negro minstrel entertainment.

On the other hand, while the dailies were short in attendance, the three principal Sunday papers (*ex nomine*) were always present in full muster, showing at their head Major Noah (by times our Consul at Tripoli, Police Justice, author of a book of travels and numerous plays), editor of the *Sunday Times*, the best Sunday paper in the country at that time; Sam Nichols and Fred West, both rank Cockneys—nothing if not critical. The sporting world showed a noble exponent in William T. Porter, a giant in heart and person, engineering the *Spirit of the Times*, the only journal of that kind then in the country and the pioneer or sire of all of that brood which have followed. One of its principal contributors, always on hand at the old Park, was Tom Picton, grand-nephew of General Picton, who served as aid to Wellington at Waterloo. One or other member of the Astors might be occasionally seen as a sort of forerunner of the millionaire plant of the Metropolitan Opera House, but the two "horse-shoes" were clearly of different metal.

An All-Sorts Theatre.

There are several amateur dramatic and operatic associations in this town homeless and wandering. To be sure, there is the Lexington Avenue Opera House, but that is too small and has not the conveniences necessary to give plays or operas due effect. There is the Academy of Music, but that is too large and too expensive to meet the want. There is, besides, continual need of a stage whereon to rehearse the numerous companies that are always getting up something, and are compelled to beg accommodations from the managers of the recognized theatres,

very often to those managers' extreme inconvenience. For instance, the other day no less than three different rehearsals were going on at the same time in one of our smallest theatres—one on the stage, another in the cellar, and yet another in the front lobby. The lodge-rooms of this town are perpetually hired for this purpose, and even private parlors are invaded by hordes of wandering actors getting ready for the road or making preparations for benefits.

Under these circumstances would it not be a paying speculation were some one to put up or hire a theatre of convenient size, and in a convenient situation; fit it up plainly but practically, with all stage appurtenances, but no gaudery or gilding nor superfluous luxury of upholstery, and let the whole to amateurs or professionals or whomever might wish to disport themselves therein? In all likelihood a goodly profit over rent and expenses would accrue each year.

Another source of income would arise in the giving of matinees, on the foreign plan, when authors, at a modest price, could have their plays tried. Competent actors can be had reasonably enough for matinees; the difficulty has always been to find a theatre. It costs in London from £60 to £100 pounds to give a morning performance at the Olympic, the Globe, the Opera Comique, or other theatres available, and the most part of that sum goes to the hiring of the house. Now, if there was a pleasing, convenient house, with a proper stage, to be had, it would soon become the custom to try new plays there before running the risk of producing them at a regular theatre.

There are also many people of talent who are daily spending money in the vain hope of getting an appearance. Were such a theatre as we propose available, such aspirants could easily get together friends and funds enough to give them a start and let them try what metal they are made of. The idea, at all events, is worth consideration and the result would be a great convenience, to the profession at large and amateurs in particular.

Bombarding the Stage.

From week to week, taking our rounds upon the ramparts of journalism, the look-out brings to view at various points of the horizon an eruption which threatens areolites for the Theatre. At first these rockets put on an appearance of solidity, as if they could crush whatever they strike, but in a short while they burst and sputter, proving to be mere nebulous and vapory exhalations.

The reader will understand that we refer to periodical outbreaks against the Stage and all its belongings. The principal manufacturers of these bombs are clerical gentlemen, whose repudiation of the Theatre and utter inexperience and ignorance as to its doings should learn them to be the last to comment upon the characters of the Theatre and its followers.

It must not be supposed we are laboring under a clerico-phobia by our not infrequent reference to its utterances on the subject. The shots are discharged from a commanding eminence and therefore attract attention.

By many of the clergy it is thought to be a good thing to denounce the Theatre. The latest demonstration in this direction is made by a popularity-seeking divine who flourishes in one of the great cities of the West. To make known his utter lack of that imagination which pervades all of the arts, he brands the scenery as a poor copy of nature, the actors not what they seem; in fact all a sham, unreal and fictitious. Acting! acting! nothing but acting in this very real and solemn world comes to him who is a devotee at the shrine of Thespian art. The doctor finally avers "that some plays are really fitted to quicken the ethical life;" wherein the learned divine goes wide of his topic, for it is not held that the Theatre is an academy for philosophers, but an arena to furnish amusement and relief in this "solemn world."

Has he forgotten why it is that it so profoundly impresses the spectator and auditor and causes him to accept the fictions of the Stage as a reality?

He and others of his order should call to mind the answer of Whitfield, when Garrick, who had been listening to a sermon from that great pulpit orator, inquired of him why it was that listeners in church believed so little of the great truths delivered there and accepted as truth the utterance of the actor in imaginary scenes. Whitfield replied that the stage speeches were spoken as if they were truth, while Scripture was doled out indifferently, as if it was merely a tale twice told.

The Western iconoclast thinks it a heavy grievance that the actress has to dance, to sing, to smile while her thoughts are with a poverty-stricken mother or with a helpless family of fatherless ones. Very likely. Then what is to be said of the rich, well-housed, well-fed members of the doctor's congregation who make long faces under his terrifying homilies? The great error committed by many declaimers who take actors and their profession to task is that they select for illustration and emphatic censure the worst specimens of amusement given and set them up as representatives of the theatre at large.

What would be thought of the ethical writer who should select as evidence of the characters of the tradespeople, both cobbler, crude and vulgar caterers, tricky shopkeepers, and all the other black sheep in different pursuits, rather than the skilful, the cleanly, the upright? False measure has been too long dealt out to the theatre and its professors, and retaliation would soon bring to their knees many of its noisy assailants.

What has not the theatre done for literature, for painting, for sculpture, for good manners, elegant deportment and the maintenance of a chivalric and heroic tone in the career of great natures? The drama is among the oldest experiences of mankind; its foundations are laid deep in the very organism of man, and cannot be removed by any process less than that suppression of elementary functions and propensities fatal to his vitality and power.

Personal.



CURTIS.—Above are the well-known features of M. B. Curtis, who has again captured popular approval with his new comedy, *Caught in a Corner*.

HART.—Tony Hart will introduce two Irish setters in his new comedy *Donnybrook*.

HADLEY.—Lillian Hadley has had the luck to secure an engagement at a city stock theatre.

FISH.—Marguerite Fish is doing the metropolitan play-houses very thoroughly after her long absence abroad.

THOMAS.—Hilda Thomas will forsake the variety stage after this season and devote her time and talents to light opera.

THOMPSON.—Denman Thompson has had such success with *The Old Homestead* that he has let out Joshua Whitcomb on royalty.

BISHOP.—Charles J. Bishop, Jr., only son of C. B. Bishop, of the Bijou company, died at his home in this city on Tuesday of typhoid fever.

PIXLEY.—Annie Pixley is holding her new play, *The Deacon's Daughter*, for a date at some up-town theatre in the hope that a run will fall to its lot.

CHANTORE.—Lillian Chantore, the graceful lady who plays the Widow so well in *Boucault's Jilt*, was formerly leading lady with Barney McAuley.

BANKS.—General N. P. Banks and a party of friends occupied a box at his daughter Maud's performance in New Bedford, Mass., last Monday night.

HILL.—Manager J. M. Hill, of the Union Square Theatre, who has been ill at his home in Chicago, is much better. He is expected in New York at an early day.

EMMET.—Hereafter J. K. Emmet will rest for five weeks before, after and including the holidays. After his last season he will open at Washington on Jan. 17.

O'NEILL.—James O'Neill is so tired of the title role of *Monte Cristo* that he has decided to alternate it with some other play next season. He has not as yet selected the play.

TUTIN.—Carrie Tutin will sing Fred Lyster's song, "When the Hawthorn Huds Were Springing," in Tony Hart's play on Saturday evening at the Jersey City Theatre.

FENNESSY.—Manager James E. Fennessy, of Heuck's Opera House in Cincinnati, was one of the honored guests at the banquet tendered the Exposition Commissioners in that city Nov. 13.

HILLIARD.—With a view to starring him on the road, R. C. Hilliard, the well-known Brooklyn amateur, has been booked by Harry Miner for an early appearance at the Brooklyn Theatre in *False Shame*.

LOSSES.—Estimates justified by the advance sales place the losses entailed by the illness of Edwin Booth at \$10,000, by the illness of Mrs. Langtry at \$7,000, and the enforced retirement of Rosina Vokes at \$3,000.

GRANGER.—Maude Granger is carrying Tillotson's *Lynwood* forward to success. Her health is very much improved since she opened her season, and she writes that she will play a "home engagement" in this city early in January.

TURNER.—J. B. Turner, who was recently stricken blind while playing with W. J. Scanlan's company, is still under the care of an oculist. It is believed he will regain the use of his eyes, and soon be able to return to the company.

WHISTLER.—Whistler, the artist, is expected to arrive in New York on Sunday next. He will bring with him some of his most important pictures. These he has agreed shall be exhibited only in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, although he will go to other cities to lecture.

BOOTH.—Rachel Booth's portrait in the character of *Carry Story*, one of the bright features of Hoyt's *Tin Soldier*, appears on our first page this week. Miss Booth is a clever little actress, who has done good work in several pieces familiar to New York playgoers.

McVICKER.—Manager McVicker, of Chicago, was in town last week, and reports business in the Metropolis of the West as surprisingly good. The city seems to be theatre-mad, he said, for although only one-fourth the size of New York it supports seventeen play-houses.

DOWNING.—Before the season closes Robert Downing will probably produce *Julius Caesar* in addition to *The Gladiator*. *Caesar* will be elaborately mounted, and Mr. Downing will play Marc Antony. The young actor opened in Atlanta, Ga., on Tuesday night to a house packed to the doors. He had five recalls at the end of the third act.

THORNE.—Grace Thorne is now playing *Mercedes* in *Monte Cristo* in support of James O'Neill, and her work is giving the best of satisfaction. Arthur Leclercq, who was Fichter's stage manager in that actor's production of the drama, pronounces Miss Thorne's *Mercedes* the best he has seen since the days of Carlotta Leclercq, his sister.

KENT.—Charles Kent's relations with the *Condemned to Death* company were so unpleasant that he left that ominously named organization on Saturday and came to the city. He was immediately snapped up by Eben Plympton for the *Jack company*. Mr. Kent will open in the part of Noel Blake (which was acted by E. J. Henley at Wallack's) a week from Monday.

VOKES.—It is now positively promised that Rosina Vokes will make her appearance at the Standard Theatre on Saturday night. Her health is said to be rapidly improving. Her songs and dances, however, will in all probability be omitted, as she must avoid a recurrence of her trouble by abstaining as much as possible from exertion. It is expected that she will arrive in New York from Chicago to-day.

BARRETT.—Lawrence Barrett sent all the way from Pittsburgh last week for Charles Hawthorne to come to that city and advise him as to the dress he is to wear in his new play, *Calycos*. The result of Mr. Hawthorne's visit was an order giving him carte blanche for a costume to exceed anything that has ever been worn by any actor. The tragedian said that money was no object; he wanted the best and most costly dress that could be designed and made. The costume is to be worn for the first time in Washington, where Mr. Barrett opens early in December.

In the Courts.

A dispute between Henry Collins, an actor of thirty years' standing, who has been seen mainly in the theatres near the Pacific Coast, and Manager William R. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, was settled several days ago by Judge Alfred Steckler, of the Fourth District Court, in favor of the manager. About a year ago Manager Palmer had in view the production of a play called *Wigs*, which it was intended to put on the road with Mr. Mansfield as the leading star. After the play had been rehearsed for about three weeks, it was decided that it was not one which would prove a success, and was therefore abandoned, all the actors being so informed. Collins, and that the others, was not paid, and brought suit to recover \$145 50, claiming that he had been engaged before the rehearsal at a salary of \$30 per week for the term of ten weeks. He stated that he had been engaged to play the part of an eccentric old man, and that Manager Palmer had made a special engagement with him.

On the other hand, Manager Palmer denied that he ever had employed Mr. Collins at all for any definite time or price. He testified that Collins, with other actors had been engaged conditionally and told that the rehearsal of the play was a mere experiment. He asserted that he had told Collins that the piece had been adapted from the German, and that it was to be entirely experimental, and was desired to star Mr. Mansfield and bring him prominently before the public. When Collins was informed that the play did not turn out to be what was expected of it, Manager Palmer said, he did not say anything about salary, but asked him to try and secure a position for him, as he was in needy circumstances. Shortly afterward Palmer obtained for Collins a part in *Jack in the Box*, but Collins was then out on the road with another company. Judge Steckler gave judgment in favor of Manager Palmer.

The Usher.



Read him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Mme. Patti's friends showed their devotion Sunday morning by getting up before daylight and sailing down the bleak harbor to meet the *Umbria*. I am not ashamed to confess that I paid my tribute of admiration with the rest. The *diva* and the writer enjoyed a little chat that was listened to and duly reported next day by the daily paper crowd. One of the things they didn't hear her say was that chrysanthemums are as popular in London as New York just now, and that all the flowers she received at her concerts were of that sort. In regard to Italian opera she expressed the hope that the *impratori* would let it rest for a few years until the German singers scream themselves out of favor and the fickle mob of fashion renew allegiance to the school of passion and melody.

Since her arrival Patti has been deluged with letters from people of high social position asking for her autograph. Yesterday's mail brought her thirty of these. All were returned by her secretary with thanks for the honor and regrets at the singer's inability to comply through lack of time. Patti's appearances at the Academy will draw enormous audiences. The seats for this evening and Saturday afternoon are all sold, and the speculators have been reaping a fortune.

Dr. T. S. Robertson entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, Mr. and Mrs. John Schoeffel and Harrison Grey Fiske at dinner last evening.

Kyle Bellew's American experience is not confined to his engagement at Wallack's. He was utility man in Toronto in 1872, when the stock company there was managed by J. L. Saphoré. Mr. Bellew, when this period of his artistic career is recalled, stares in blank amazement. Evidently he doesn't like it. Why?

Jack is to go on the road. The play was treated by the papers as a novelty on its production at Wallack's. It was acted in Baltimore, Boston and Providence some years ago, by several of Wallack's company. H. J. Montague, the handsome and lamented, acted the title-role.

The list of contributors to the CHRISTMAS MIRROR is remarkably strong. It, and some of the other leading features, will be duly announced and described in the next MIRROR. The holiday issue this year is to be published somewhat earlier than usual. Dec. 15 is the date of issue.

In Boston, the home of thought, the chosen abiding place of culchaw—the newspapers are anglicizing the prefixes to foreign artists' names. It is no longer "Mlle." "Fraulein," "Mme." "Signor," etc. but simple "Mr." "Mrs." and "Miss." Why not adopt THE MIRROR's sensible and simple plan, followed for many years, of calling people by their names without any prefix, foreign or native, whatsoever?

T. Henry French asks me to state that his father, Samuel French, is not "interested" in the American tour of Wilson Barrett. I am happy to oblige Mr. French. Nevertheless it is a fact that French *per se* lent money to W. B. to meet the heavy expenses of coming out here. This may not be an interest, but if I were similarly involved I should most certainly feel "interested."

Frank Mayo has acted Davy Crockett over 3,500 times. Louis Aldrich has played Joe Saunders 1,750 times. Mayo hates to play Davy, although he says it is, in its way, as artistic a work as he is capable of. Aldrich is willing to go on acting Saunders forever if the part continues to be lucrative. Here's a distinction with a difference.

Agnes Booth's acting in Jim the Penman is exquisite. In the scene where Mrs. Ralston discovers the trick by which her husband alienated her from the man of her youthful love, she consumes three minutes by the watch in a piece of by-play that holds the audience spell-bound. Her art is admirable, and I do not remember ever having seen it given finer scope than in the current play at the Madison Square.

Mr. Warde's Gladiator.

Fred Warde was in his dressing-room at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night when a *Mirror* reporter was admitted. In speaking of himself, Mr. Warde said: "I never felt better in my life. I seem about to realize what I have been fighting for these many years—a recognized place among the leading actors of the day. The public and press wherever I have been have hailed me with the greatest fairness and kindness. Since I left New York business has been uniformly good and in some instances phenomenally large. In Richmond

and Washington the houses were packed. In the latter city the steps leading to the gallery were sold as seats every night.

"I shall play my third engagement in New York this season early in January, when I propose to produce *The Gladiator* in spectacular form. Everything will be new, and the chorus, ballet and supernumeraries will number nearly two hundred. To distinguish the *Gladiator* that I shall play from that written by Dr. Bird, I call mine *Gaius the Gladiator*. It is a free adaptation of the play, *Le Gladiateur*, by Soumet, made famous by Salvini. The work of translation and adaptation was done by Leonard Outram, a young English actor not unknown in this country, and wherever I have produced it this season everyone has said that it is the greatest play and strongest character in my repertoire."

Danger in Dressing-Rooms.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and so Edwin Booth has found during his brief respite from acting. On the night he first acted *Bertuccio* in *The Fool's Revenge* at the Star Theatre he was suffering from a severe cold, contracted in the damp and draughty precincts of his dressing-room. This apartment—formerly occupied by Lester Wallack when the house was the home of his stock company—is in the cellar under the stage. When there is a storm in progress, as on the evening in question, the place is filled with moisture and becomes decidedly dangerous for the occupant, particularly if he has a part to play in which strong physical exertion becomes necessary.

Bathed in perspiration after the intense and hard-working scenes of *Bertuccio*, Mr. Booth contracted a severe cold in his unhealthy dressing-room. This was aggravated the succeeding performance, and so Dr. Smith, his physician, found it necessary to forbid his patient to play. The report that Mr. Booth's illness was caused by eating canned corn that had become poisonous through exposure to the air was only true in part. He did eat something that disagreed with him, but this only served to disarrange his digestive organs—a portion of his organization that has always been on bad terms with him.

Before resuming his work on Monday night Mr. Booth sent word to the Star Theatre people that he must have a special dressing-room built on the stage level. These instructions were promptly carried out, and the tragedian can now change his costumes in a place whose temperature is comparatively safe and comfortable. We have often wondered at the indifference displayed by managers in respect to dressing-room accommodations, and have frequently printed complaints and protests from professionals on this very subject. Mr. Booth's position, of course, allows him to dictate; the lesser lights cannot afford to be similarly independent. Evidently there will be no remedy until actors, compelled to spend a part of several hours nightly in noisome closets, unite in demanding decent accommodations behind the scenes.

In other days the artists were more comfortably housed than the auditors. Of late there has been progress in front and retrogression behind. The abolition of the green room has robbed companies of even that resort, together with the privileges of social recreation and intercourse it cultivated. There is need of improvement, and the restoration of the green room would unquestionably be a boon to the profession in the absence of any other immediate change.

Closing of Pepita.

The *Pepita* Opera company, bag and baggage, came in on Monday, having closed at Toronto on Saturday night. A *MIRROR* interviewer saw Manager S. P. Norman, who had conducted the tour, and he gave a brief account of the season.

"This is neither a collapse nor a burst-up," said Mr. Norman. "While in Cleveland, on Nov. 1, Mr. Hill wired me to give the company the usual two weeks' notice, see that all indebtedness was paid, and then take the members back to New York. So here we are, thirty-eight of us—everybody satisfied with Mr. Hill's treatment, but regretting the failure, of course. Of one thing let me assure you; Mr. Hill has lost comparatively little money on the venture. However, he saw that, after a fair trial, the opera was not a go, and in calling in the company he simply followed the programme he had laid out at the start."

"The press was merciless in its condemnation of the opera, especially the book. In fact, it was savage, almost malignant. The costumes and scenery were praised as the 'best ever seen,' etc., and the appearance and voice of the chorus were complimented; but that was all. Then, too, I found everywhere that the press held a grudge against Edward Solomon, the composer, and this was wreaked upon poor *Pepita*. Lots of newspaper men spoke very disparagingly of him to me in private, especially dwelling upon his domestic affairs."

Dockstader and the Versifiers.

The number of alleged poets who have striven to carry off the prize of \$25, offered by Dockstader for the best topical song, is close on to 500. The refractory muses have been wrestled with by clergymen and butchers, clerks, actors and horse-car conductors, teachers and "longshoremen," blacksmiths and newspaper men, until the mass of lambasts, anapests, trochees and doggerel metres that have accumulated on the minstrel's hands is wonderful to contemplate. Not a topic from Aaron's rod to the Z that has escaped a squeezing, and *Dickens's* "Curiosities of Literature" are not more curious than these alleged topical songs. A certain society lady sent in a delicately perfumed missive, with an inclosure, entitled "There is Moss on the Chestnut Tree." Dockstader thought some one had been giving the writer a tip, so he gently indorsed the manuscript, "Too suggestive," and passed on to a screed written on the inner side of an old paper collar, entitled "I'll See You Again When I'm Sober."

"We must not encourage intemperance,"

said Mr. MacNutt, and the paper collar was relegated to the shadowy precincts of the coal-bin. An ethereal youth of Yonkers submitted a carefully written work on "The Chrysanthemums Gave Him Away," which, although very flowery, was transplanted and left to "bloom in the Spring." A contribution from a well-known tomcat was called "It Was All Very Well While It Lasted." As it was supposed that the writer referred to his late summer resort hotel, Dockstader said it might be better if kept a little longer, and in a moment he was entranced in the perusal of a manuscript entitled "He Didn't Know It Was Loaded." An exclamation more suggestive than elegant settled the fate of this specimen, and a ten line bit with the title, "He Took One Because He Required It," was next considered. The writer had taken a wife, a bath, a drink, and a sleep and finally took a grave and a ride in a hearse—all because "he required it."

"If he had taken a tumble," said Mr. Comstock, "he need not have taken anything else." Again the literary pile was attacked. Verses good, bad and indifferent, on such topics as "The Reason Has Never Been Known," "When the Time Came He Wasn't There," "That's Something We Never Will Know," "I Thought He'd Have Something to Say," and kindred ideas were scanned with great care and attention. Out of the whole batch not more than two or three were found that were considered good enough for use. The subject of "Boycott" was used by several writers, while "Jake Sharp," "The Boodle Aldermen" and "The Chicago Girl's Big Feet" were themes of more than three-fourths of the versifiers. Some of the writers hit on very good topics, but treated them villainously. Others showed that they knew as much about writing a topical song as they did about flying, while another class of these poetsasters submitted sentimental ditties, descriptive songs and unmistakable plagiarisms of the work of such writers as W. S. Gilbert, Bret Harte, Will Carleton, Colonel Hay and others. However, Mr. Dockstader is thoroughly convinced that there is no use giving the average writer a chance; beside which, he is quite sure that life is too short to spend in sifting from among a ton of manuscript one or two songs worthy the name of topical.

The Actors' Fund.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee three applications for relief were considered—all favorably. There are now eleven names on the relief list. There are but two applications on file.

During last week there was expended in relief, \$162 including two funerals.

New members and annual dues paid in: Nelson Wheatcroft, George Bowers, John Malone, Michael Schlig, M. J. Salomon, J. Sommers, Getz, John W. Sommers, Edgar S. Halsted, Charles Kent, Adolph Nichols, Patrick Ross, Ferdinand Helmer, Gustave Jenzel, Charles Foster, Frank Kemble, Aimee Hercht, Frank M. Stanley, Mrs. H. G. Richmond, H. B. Phillips, James J. Armstrong, Charles F. Herbert, Mrs. Charles F. Herbert, A. Kaufmann and Harry Linden.

Orthoepy.

I have reason to believe that the occasional publishing of the mispronunciations I have heard in the theatres of late has already resulted in making the players here in New York, at least, more guarded. If this be true, then the result is just the result desired. There has been a time, now a good while ago, when it was safe, it is said, to take the stage as authority in pronouncing. It certainly would not require a great effort on the part of the players of to-day to make it authority again.

Incognito. Has Mr. John Daly any authority for dropping the *g* of this word and pronouncing it *in con it*? If he has, it must be very slight. Mr. Daly's pronunciation is generally very far from being scholarly.

Pretty. Some one in the cast of *Siberia* pronounces this word as it is written, whereas it should be pronounced *pritty*.

Alternative. Mr. Sugden is in error in giving the *al* of this word the sound it has in *always*. Properly it has the sound of *al* in *alum*.

Interested. It can hardly be said that that pronunciation that makes the second *e* of the word short is incorrect. Yet nowadays it is accounted more elegant to make it obscure.

Again. Different members of the cast of *Frou-Frou* at the Lyceum pronounce this word differently.

Designate. The *o* of the word has its hissing sound and not the sound of:

Sagacious. The second syllable of this word is *ga not gask*.

Ally. Accent on the second syllable. I have recently heard the first syllable accented by a member of Mrs. D. P. Bowers' company and also by a member of Mme. Modjeska's.

Patronize. The weight of authority is decidedly in favor of making the *a* of this word short.

Financier. The first night of Jim the Penman at the Madison Square Theatre Mr. Frederic Robinson was the only member of the cast that pronounced the word correctly.

"It be proud as Lucifer, like Lucifer let him fall."

If Mr. John A. Lane will give the reading of this sentence a little study, he will, I think, no longer make *like* the most emphatic word in it. *Like*, to my mind, should be barely touched. The proper reading of the sentence, if I do not err, is, as nearly as can be marked, this: "It be *as proud as Lucifer*, like *Lucifer* let him fall."

Gossip of the Town.

It is reported that Ella Wesner will cry her fortunes once more in a starting tour.

Gabrielle du Sauld is in the city and at liberty for light comedy or emotional parts.

May Fortescue will appear in *Gretchen* again before the close of the season.

Jacques Martin has been engaged for Eben Pympton's company in *Jack*.

Soloists at next Sunday night's Casino concert: Scatchi, Galassi, Guille, Zipper and Novato, Arriti conducting.

Frank M. Stanley, low comedian and character, is here from the Criterion Theatre on the other side, and open for engagements.

Geraldine Umar, who has been very ill, is expected to make her reappearance in *Princess Ida* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next week.

Gra Henderson will play the leading juvenile part in Tony Hart's Irish comedy, *Dannybrook*.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Q. Seabrooke (Elvis Cross) leave the Keep It Dark company at the end of this week and will be at liberty.

Mildred Sumner is considering an offer from Dominick Murray, and will probably join his company as a soubrette.

The advance sale for *The Silver King*, which is this week's attraction at the People's Theatre, was the largest that house has known this season.

Fanny Avmar Mathews is negotiating with Lillian Lewis for the sale of her drama, *The Brazilian*, in which Miss Lewis will probably act during her coming tour.

Gustavus Levick, the original Pierre Petrosky in *Zuka*, has been engaged to play the same character on the road in the new company that opens in Boston Nov. 29.

Charles MacGeachy has been engaged to travel in advance of Dion Boucicault's *Jilt* company. He withdrew recently from the management of the Kindergarten party.

Morris Warner, agent for Robson and Crane, has been dubbed the "Silver King." Morris is thirty-eight years old, but he has a luxuriant mass of grey white hair.

There is every probability that one or more of the combination houses in this city will next season return to the old plan of stock companies.

Mrs. John Butler, of 129 Third avenue, is prepared to receive orders for theatrical dress-making. Her work is cut on the S. T. Taylor system.

Paul Nicholson has secured rights to *The Galley Slave* and is forming a company and booking time. Adelaide Thornton will play the part of Francesca Remini, originally taken by Emily Rigi.

Mart Hanley has just got out a new three-sheet colored poster for *Harrigan's O'Reagans*. It depicts the incident that closes the second act, where the Chinaman is thrown head-first down an incline into a hoghead of water.

Miss Fortescue will present a double bill at the Lyceum Theatre next week, appearing in *King Rene's Daughter* and *Sweethearts*. *Gretchen* will probably be revived for the final week of the engagement.

The new offices of the Strobbridge Lithographing Company have been removed from 44 West Twenty-third street to 1155 Broadway, corner of Twenty-seventh street. Rooms 1, 2 and 3. A. A. Stewart remains in charge.

The costumes worn by Mr. Booth's company during the engagement at the Star have attracted favorable comment for their beauty and historical accuracy. They were made by the Eaves Costuming Company.

Helmer and Leitz have made a wig for B. F. Horning in exact imitation of Wilson Barrett's hair as worn in the leading role of *Hoodman Blind*. The counterfeit was made from a photograph. Mr. Barrett did not wear a wig in *Hoodman Blind*.

W. Henry Rice, the well known burlesquer of female roles on the minstrel stage, is forty-three years of age, but doesn't look to be more than thirty. Sam Sanford gave him his first dab of burnt cork thirty-one years ago. Mr. Rice is the father of ten children.

Dixon Jones has returned to town, having resigned his position in Marie Prescott's company. Mr. Jones contemplates giving a select reading shortly at one of the leading theatres. As an elocutionist, he has achieved distinction at Harvard and in Boston circles.

Colonel Milliken and Edward Mortimer have completed and delivered to the popular humorist, Marshall P. Wilder, a bright monologue sketch called *Ten Minutes of Tragedy*. They are at work on some other pieces of the same sort for Mr. Wilder.

E. E. Zimmerman is greeting friends in town. He reports James O'Neill's season as thus far the most prosperous he has ever had. Mr. O'Neill opens at Niblo's next Monday for two weeks, and will play in and around New York until after the holidays.

Dockstader has in preparation two new burlesques. One is fashioned on the scenes and music and incidents of *Erminie*; the other is to be called *the Khedive*. In the event of Gilbert and Sullivan's new work being given the title, the name of the burlesque will be changed to *The Ca De*.

The imitation ostrich feathers called "Le Caprice" are really remarkable in their close resemblance to the real thing when seen in the glare of the footlights. They have been effectively used by the Kralfys in their spectacles and by others. The prices, when compared with those of the feathers, are trifling.

Ada Gray recently exchanged parts with Jennie Satterlee in *A Ring of Iron*, but after a week's trial in the soubrette role very willingly went back to the lead. Jennie, it said, never made up for the lead that she did not have a good cry before she went on the stage. Ada generally did her crying after the play was over.

Since the opening of Miner's Newark Theatre the midnight trains to that city from New York are not nearly so well filled as formerly, while the number of passengers going to the suburbs of Newark, such as Orange, Belleville and Irvington, has decreased materially. And yet it was said a new theatre in Newark would not pay.

Pat Rooney paid a flying visit to New York on Monday. In speaking of his play, *Pat's Wardrobe*, to a *MIRROR* reporter he said: "I never dreamed it would be such a hit. It is successful everywhere. I am sorry, though, for two things. One is that I didn't take up this line sooner, and the other that poor Elliott Barnes could not have lived to see my success."

In spite of his many troubles in this city, J. H. Haverly is said to be looking for an other foothold in New York. In six weeks he has had as many agents here surveying the ground, and his name has been mentioned in connection with a new theatre. It is further said that Mr. Haverly has the backing of one of California's millionaires.

The jewelry, manuscripts and other personal property of the late Salmi Morse, of *Passion Play* fame, will be sold at an early date to satisfy claims. Since Mr. Morse's death the property has been in the hands of Mrs. Behrends, his sister, and was only turned over to the Public Administrator yesterday, after a two years' legal battle instituted by Isabella Gault, Mr. Morse's former landlady. The manuscripts include *The Passion Play*, *Queen Margaret's Sister*, and *On the Yellowstone*, besides three letters on "Jew and Jesus." Mrs. Harley Merry, according to Mrs. Gault, has offered \$1000 for *On the Yellowstone*.

Lester Wallack's well-known play, *The Veteran*, is now in active rehearsal by members of the Kemble Dramatic corps. The performance will occur on Monday evening, Nov. 29, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

John Stetson is very close-mouthed, and does not admit that Gilbert and Sullivan have yet sent him their latest work; but *THE MIRROR* has it from a trustworthy source that the manuscript is in Mr. Stetson's hands, and that he is looking about him for a strong cast. It is further understood that, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the title of the new opera is *The Khedive*.

A Hole in the Ground, Charles H. Hoyt's latest, is completed to the beginning of the third and last act. He is troubled about a suitable finish to the second act. Having two star parts in the piece, he desires to arrange the climax so that both actors can be shot on to the stage from some concealed corner at the same time and in such a way as to form a centre picture, and at the same time give an illustration of the reason why they are there.

A. Kaufmann is managing Robert James Lees' novel and instructive lectures on London and London life. Mr. Lees has already given two of these admirable entertainments at Chickering Hall. The third and last of the series takes place Nov. 26, when "Through London with Charles Dickens" will be illustrated with stereoscopic views, made from photographs taken for Mr. Lees, who, by the way, has had the use of Dickens' private notebooks in preparing his discourse.

The Bulwer will present David Garrick as the opening piece of the present season. The title role will be assumed by Thomas Platt, and the remainder of the cast will include Miss De Vere, E. L. Taber, Alfred H. W. Ahrens, Charles Trier, Joseph Abrahams, William Baum and Charles L. Harris. The President of the society is H. James Anderson. Robert Dethon is acting manager and Thomas Platt is entrusted with the duties of a stage manager. Maurice Elder, Jr., figures as Editor, and occasionally tries his hand at adapting plays from Spanish sources for the edification of Bulwer audiences.

Mrs. Harriet Webb gave an "evening with the authors" at the Church of the Disciples on Monday evening last, which was fashionably attended. The talented lady gave selections of a diverse character, varying from Burdette's "Too Late for the Train" to Longfellow's "Robert of Sicily," and imparted to each a characteristic quality, and, when needed, absolute power. Among the novelties of the evening was Alice Shaw's whistling, accompanied by the pianoforte. In a general way whistling is not a desirable habit, but Mrs. Shaw's whistle is so sweet and soft that it sounded like the strains of a pleasant musical instrument rather than the effort of lungs and lips.

Mme. Modjeska gave the stage-hands at the Union Square Theatre a little "spread" last Saturday night after the performance. The property-room was a scene of festivity for an hour or so, during which a basket of wine appeared. Count Bozenta, Fred Stinson and Madame made speeches, in which the latter complimented the men for their good work generally and for their contribution to the first-night of *The Chouans* particularly. Madame has been a favorite with the unseen workers at the Square since her first appearance among them, and she will probably not close her engagement without receiving some token of their esteem. The department of the employees of the Union Square and Third Avenue Theatres is the subject of favorable comment from companies playing at those houses.

Letters to the Editor.

FRANK CLEMENT'S CHILDREN.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20, 1898.

Editor *New York Mirror*:—Your estimable paper of the 6th inst. has only just come to hand, wherein I read with great sorrow of the death of Mr. Frank Clement. I knew him and his family in New York and often have I run in to see Fanny (this excellent daughter) and the boys and am witnessing with admiration her smartness in acting the mother's part to those children, giving them their supper, mending their clothes, tidying-up and, with a fight against time, give herself a hurried brushing-up before flying off to the theatre to play a small part for the sake of the little extra money to come in at the end of the week, her parting words being to the children: "Now, boys, do be good; don't play in the streets, but try and amuse yourselves *working*, and don't use bad language; think of papa away from us, and I'll come home soon."

My heart bleeds for this girl in her trouble, for I know the first qualities she possesses. Not only will her grief be great for the loss of her father (for he was affectionate and good to them), but her anxieties will be great concerning the future of her brothers owing to her limited means. Your suggestion is excellent with regard to a school being organized by the Actors' Fund for orphans' children, but in the meantime what is to become of these boys? The elder boy is talented and bright and for this very reason should be at a good school for discipline the next two years to turn his qualities to good account. I am a member of the sister profession—Music, but not in any alliance. As the old lady in *The Wages of Sin* says: "We're poor as 'saps the poor." I should be glad to give my mite of \$5 to commence a subscription fund to educate the Clement boys if you will undertake the task of receiving contributions. I think there is scarcely a member of the dramatic profession but would give something, and I am quite sure the star actors and actresses with whom they are connected have been long associated would willingly subscribe and so prevent two nice bright boys falling under bad influences, for they are just the age most impressionable for either good or evil. As a matter of good faith I enclose my card, but do not desire my name announced lest I be deemed intrusive. I therefore sign myself yours very truly, J. J. J. J.

MR. CARLETON SAYS THERE WAS NO FUSS.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 15, 1898.

Editor *New York Mirror*:—The following paragraph which appeared in your last issue under the Baltimore correspondence is untrue, and, therefore, I beg you will give me the necessary space to correct it. The paragraph in question I quote: "It is rumored that it was somewhat stormy behind the curtain at Ford's Opera House last week. On Wednesday night one of the hornblowers in the orchestra was ill, and had to get a substitute. The playing of the substitute did not suit Mr. Carleton, and he ordered him put out—in fact, declined to sing unless he was put out. But he did just the same. The orchestra was one man and declined to play unless the hornblower played with them. On Saturday he had a fun on the stage with Mr. Carleton, who plays Hector. So far as is generally known, these are the only rows he had last week."

The facts are as follows: An incompetent horn-player was sent as a substitute, but Wednesday evening, and the result was disastrous in the first act of *Namoun*. I sent for the musical director and requested that the said incompetent substitute should not go into the orchestra again. Several members of the orchestra, ignoring the fact that I was their employer, informed me they would not play in the opera without the objectionable horn-player. I requested them to leave at once with the case of the theatre. Result—they mutinied against their wages, and the incompetent man did not. As I was paying them, I think I had some slight rights in the matter, and Mr. Ford personally expressed his confidence that I had resolved the situation. Regarding the "row" with the "Hector," there was none, except that after his two weeks' work as understudy, I expressed my pleasure at his success. The remarks that "so far as is generally known there are no rows in the theatre" is an order of notice, for it is well known that rows in my company are not put in, and I know of no mutual organization where there is less of that kind of assurance.

Yours truly, W. T. CARLETON.

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